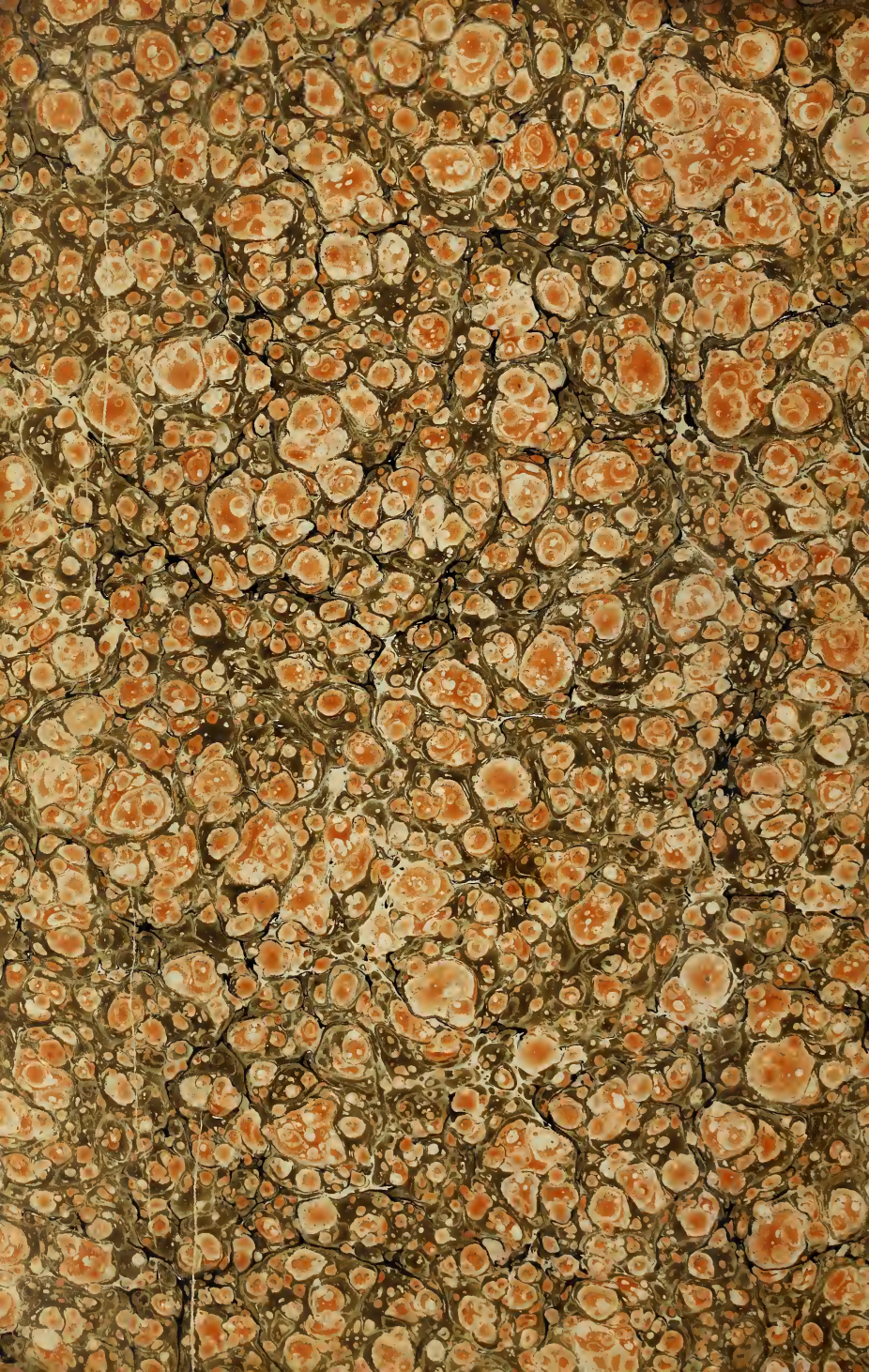
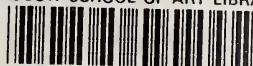


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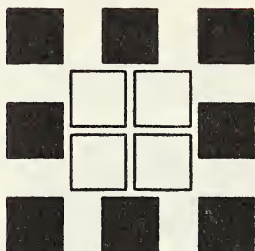
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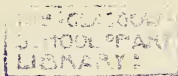
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WILL AND JEAN

"Godsave! I'm here's walth for drinking;
 "Hoot! quo' I'm there's drowth in thinking
 "Who can this new corner be?
 "Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

SCOTLAND'S SCAITH;

OR,

THE HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

TOGETHER WITH

THE WAES O' WAR;

OR,

THE UPSHOT

O' THE HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, embellished with Engravings.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY D. WILLISON,

FOR A. GUTHRIE, MANNERS & MILLER,

AND

AR. CONSTABLE.

1800.



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SCOTLAND's SCAITH,

OR,

THE HISTORY

o'

WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

SO SHALL THY POVERTY COME, AS ONE THAT TRAVELLETH; AND THY
WANT AS AN ARMED MAN. PROV.

TO
DAVID DOIG, LL. D. F. S. S. A.

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STIRLING.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER having taken one liberty with you, which your indulgent friendship induced you to excuse, you see I am determined to put your good nature to the test, by taking another. The harmless artifice of an author concealing himself, by ascribing his work to the pen of a friend, is a species of literary fraud, which, as it implies neither vanity nor ambition, may be easily overlooked; but to dedicate, without permission, a performance which has obtained uncommon proofs of public approbation, is a freedom, which, perhaps, by the illiberal, might be imputed, not to an impulse of affection, but to a confidence of success. I trust, however, that you and I know one another too well, to require the formality of ceremony to secure our friendship; or laboured apology to evince our motives of regard. It, therefore, only rests with me at present, to inform the public, that by this address, my object is not to solicit a PATRON to what has already been so liberally patronised, but to communicate a fact which I cannot in justice prevail on myself to conceal; namely, that without the kind interference, and friendly assistance of Dr Doig, the poem of *SCOTLAND'S SCAITH*, in all likelihood, would never have been published.

DEDICATION.

AFFLICTED, as I have long been, by a distressing state of health, which, with other privations, particularly precludes me from literary pursuits, the following artless tale, drawn from melancholy examples of intemperance, and composed solely from memory, was, you know, the only mental amusement imbecility could devise, to cheer the gloom of solitude, and mitigate the sufferings of bodily distress. Your partiality, heightened no doubt by your humanity, first induced you to look on this little offspring of necessity with a favourable eye, and afterwards to take it under your immediate protection:—To this, and this alone, are the public indebted for any satisfaction they may have derived from the perusal of the History of *WILL AND JEAN*.

My motives for having depicted, and yours in publishing this too faithful portrait of modern depravity, were the same. Impressed with the baneful consequences inseparable from an inordinate use of ardent spirits among the lower orders of society, and anxious to contribute something that might at least tend to *retard* the contagion of so dangerous an evil; it was conceived, in the ardour of philanthropy, that a natural, pathetic story, in verse, calculated to enforce moral truths, in the language of simplicity and passion, might probably interest the uncorrupted; and that a striking picture of the calamities incident to idle debauchery, contrasted with the blessings of industrious prosperity, might (although insufficient to reclaim abandoned vice) do something to strengthen and encourage endangered virtue. Visionary as these fond expectations may have been, it is pleasing to cherish the idea; and if we may be allowed to draw favourable inferences, from the sale of *TEN THOUSAND* copies in the short space of five months, why should we despair of success?

DEDICATION.

HAVING said so much on so trivial a subject, allow me, in conclusion, to add a few words to the person who has been the chief cause of the present publication. On this opportunity, I must confess, I am strongly tempted to say much; but the recollection of a *MODESTY* as remarkable as the *GENIUS* and *ERUDITION* of its possessor, restrains the fervour of friendship, and withholds the just tribute of applause. A more lively, and more pleasing recollection of Virtues, which are superior to all that literature or talents can bestow, inclines me, however, to think, that indifferent as you have long been, to the "*obstreperous trump of fame*," the "*still small voice of gratitude*" and esteem will not be unpleasant to your ear; and that you will believe me to be, without farther profession,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate

And most obedient Servant,

EDINBURGH, }
July 1795. }

HECTOR MACNEILL.

WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE !

WHA was ance like *WILLIE GAIRLACE*,
Wha in neeboring town or farm ?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm !

4

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin, or wrastle ?
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar ?
Hap what wou'd, he stood a castle,
Or for safety, or for war :

8

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld cou'd be ;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye ware free.

12

Whan he first saw *JEANIE MILLER*,
 Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—
 Thousands had mair brows and siller,
 But ware ony half sae fair? 16

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
 Glinting owre *DEMAIT*'s* brow :
 Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
STREVLIN's † lovely plain below! 20

Kind and gentle was her nature ;
 At ilk place she bare the bell;—
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !
 But her *look* nae tongue can tell! 24

Sic was *JEAN*, whan *WILL* first mawing,
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;
 Flew like fire, and just whan fa'ing
 Kept her on his manly breast. 28

* One of the Ochil Hills near Stirling.—*Dun-ma-cbit* (Gaelic), the hill of the good prospect.—It is pronounced *De-myit*.

† The ancient name of Stirling.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching sad her opening een. 32

Sic was *WILL*, whan poor *JEAN* fainting
Drapt into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;
Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms: 36

Soon they loo'd, and soon ware buckl'd;
Nane took time to think and rue.—
Youth and *worth* and *beauty* cuppl'd;
Luve had never less to do. 40

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but *ane*;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean; 44

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure ;
Jean the hale day span and sang ;
WILL AND WEANS her constant treasure,
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang; 48

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride !—
But at this time *News* and *Whisky*
Sprang nae up at ilk road-side. 52

Luckless was the hour whan Willie
Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'r-took *TAM*, a neebor billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair : 56

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
Calmly smil'd the sober e'en ;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
Skelping bare-fit owre the green ; 60



J. Thomson sculp.

Published weekly, the fourth September, 1790.

J. Thomson sculp.

WILL AND JEAN

With a new set of plates, and a new set of characters.

With and to give her constant pleasure.



Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
Canty *Hairst* was just begun,
And on mountain, tree and water
Glinted saft the setting Sun, 64

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowpin
Mark'd the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin,
Baith wish'd for their ain fire side: 68

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy
Pray'd for drink to wash news down. 72

FORTUNE, wha but seldom listens
To poor merit's modest pray'r;
And on fools heaps needless blessins,
Harken'd to our drouthy pair; 76

In a Howm, wha's bonny burnie
Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
Neat and bield a Cot-house stood ; 80

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red ;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Hafins seen and hafins hid ; 84

Up the gavel end thick spreading
Crap the clasping Ivy green,
Back owre, Firs the high craigs cleading,
Rais'd a' round a cozey screen ; 88

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line ;—
Here it was, that *HOWE THE WIDOW*
This sam day set up her sign. 92

Brattling down the brae, and near its

Bottom, Will first marvelin sees

PORTER, ALE, and *BRITISH SPIRITS*,

Painted bright between twa trees.

96

“ Godsake! Tam, here’s walth for drinking;—

“ Wha can this new comer be? ”—

“ Hoot! quo’ Tam, there’s drouth in thinking—

“ Let’s in, Will, and syne we’ll see.” 100

Nae mair time they took to speak or

Think o’ ought but reaming jugs;

Till three times in humming liquor

Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

104

Slocken’d now, refresh’d and talking,

In cam Meg (weel skill’d to please)

“ Sirs! ye’re surely tyr’d wi’ walking;—

“ Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.” 108

“ Thanks, quo’ Will ;—I canna tarry,
 “ Pick mirk night is setting in,
 “ *JEAN*, poor thing’s ! her lane and cery—
 “ I maun to the road and rin.” 112

Hoot ! quo’ Tam, what’s a’ the hurry ?
 Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gait—
 Come ! sit down—Jean winna wearie :
 Lord ! I’m sure it’s no sae late ! 116

Will, o’ercome wi’ Tam’s oration,
 Baith fell to and ate their fill—
 “ Tam ! quo’ Will, in meer discretion,
 “ We maun hae the *Widow’s gill*.” 120

After ae gill cam anither—
 Meg sat cracking ’tween them twa,
 Bang ! cam in *MAT SMITH* and’s brither,
GEORDIE BROWN and *SANDIE SHAW*. 124

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,
Now sat down wi' double glee,
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—
Will gat hame 'tween *twa* and *three*. 128

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;
Will, neist morning, blam'd *TAM LOWES*,
But ere lang, an owkly meetin
Was set up at *MAGGIE HOWE'S*. 132

Maist things hae a sma' beginnin,
But wha kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great sinnin,
Gin folk hae enough to spend. 136

But nae man o' sober thinkin
Ere will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in owkly drinkin
What keeps wife and weans alive. 140

Drink maun aye hae *conversation*,
 Ilka social soul allows ;
 But, in this REFORMIN NATION,
 Wha can speak without the NEWS ? 144

News, first meant for state Physicians,
 Deeply skill'd in Courtly drugs ;
 Now *whan a' are Politicians*,
 Just to set folks by the lugs. 148

Maggie's Club, wha cou'd get nae light
 On some things that shou'd be clear,
 Found ere lang the fau't, and ae night
 Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER *. 152

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
 Swith ! by post the papers fled !
 Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
 Every time the news are read. 156

* The EDINBURGH GAZETTEER, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4.

Ilk ane's wiser than another,——

“ *Things are no ga'en right, quo' TAM,*

“ *Let us aftener meet thegither ;*

“ *Twice a owk's no worth a d—n.* ”

160

See them now in grave *CONVENTION*

To mak a' things *square and even ;*

Or at least wi' firm intention

To drink sax nights out o' seven.

164

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,

Gathering a' the news that fell ;

Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,

Had some battles wi' himsell.

168

On ae hand, *Drink's* deadly poison

Bare ilk firm resolve awa ;

On the ither, *JEAN's* condition

Rave his very heart in twa.

172

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow !

Weel he saw her bleaching cheek !

Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,

Whan, poor thing, she cou'd nae speak! 176

Jean, at first, took little heed o'

Owkly clubs mang three or four,

Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'

Heartsome hours whan wark was owre. 180

But whan now that *nightly* meetings

Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;

Whan she fand that hard earn'd gettings

Now on drink ware thrown awa ; 184

Saw her *WILL*, wha ance sae cheerie

Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,

Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye

To look near his farm or wark ; 188

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee ;
And o' *Luve* and *Hame* grown wearit,
Nightly frae his family flee : 192

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ?
Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek ! 196

Will, wha lang had rued and swither'd,
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)
Mark'd the roses as they wither'd
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face ! 200

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward rackin
A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—
Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin,—
D—n'd the *Club* and *News* to hell ! 204

But, alas ! whan *habit's* rooted,
 Few hae pith the root to pu';
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,
Promis'd aye, but aye gat fou ;

Aye at first at the convening
Moraliz'd on what was right,—
Yet on clavers entertaining
Doz'd and drank till broad day light. 212

Things at length draw near an ending,
Cash rins out; Jean quite unhappy
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and taks a—*drappy!* 216

Ilka drink deserves a posey ;
 PORT maks men rude, CLARET civil ;
 BEER maks Britons stout and rosy,
 WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

JEAN, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
School'd by Whisky, learns new tricks soon,
Flyts, and storms, and rugs Will's hair. 224

JEAN, sae late the tenderest mither,
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean !
Now, heart harden'd a'thegither,
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en. 228

JEAN, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark ;
Now sells a' her braws for Whisky
To her last gown, coat and sark ! 232

ROBIN BURNS, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in Whisky's praise ;
Sweet his sang !—the mair's the pity
E'er on it he war'd sic lays. 236

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia

E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,

Whisky's ill will scaith her maist ! 240

" Wha was ance like *WILLIE GAIRLAGE* ?

" Wha in neeboring town or farm ?

" Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,

" Deadly strength was in his arm ! 244

" Whan he first saw *JEANIE MILLER*,

" Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare ?

" Thousands had mair braws and siller,

" But ware ony half sae fair ? " 248

See them now—how chang'd wi' *drinking* !

A' their youthfu' beauty gane !—

Daver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,

Worn to perfect skin and bane ! 252



WILL AND JEAN

D. Allen del.

P. Thomson sculp.

For the new - how changed at distance!

Dread, doubt, dread and anxiety!



In the cauld month o' November,
(Claise, and Cash, and Credit out)
 Cowering owre a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout ;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent ;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit
Now to pay the Laird his rent ;

No anither night to lodge here !
 No a friend their cause to plead !
 He ta'en on to be a Sodger,
 She wi' weans to beg her bread !

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
 Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,
 WHISKY's ill will scaith her maist ! 268



THE
WAES O' WAR:
OR,
THE UPSHOT
O' THE
HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.
IN FOUR PARTS.

—Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam. BOETH.
Thrice happy pair
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!

THE WAES O' WAR.

PART I.

OH! that folk wad weel consider

What it is to tyne a—NAME,

What this world is a' thegither,

If bereft o' honest Fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;

Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,

If bright CONSCIENCE tak's upon her

To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,

Guilty shame will ay look down;

What maun then *shame, want, and sorrow*

Wandering sad frae town to town!

JEANIE MILLER, ance sae cheerie !
Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by WILL, neist morning drearie
Take the road o' black Despair !

Cauld the blast !—the Day was sleeting ;
Pouch and purse without a plack !
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back,

Wan her face ! and lean and haggard !
Ance sae sonsy ! ance sae sweet !
What a change !—unhous'd and beggar'd,
Starving without claise or meat !

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,
Skulking like a guilty thief ;
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,
Stupified wi' shame and grief :

But soon shame for bygane errors
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors
Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face !

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,
Baith down drapt ! and down Jean sat !
“ Dais'd and doited ” now nae langer ;
Thought—and *felt*—and bursting grat.

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow—
Crap owre distant hill and plain ;
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain !

Round and round, in wild distraction,
Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee !
Round and round for some protection !—
Face nor house she cou'd na see !

Dark, and darker grew the night aye ;
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud !
Jean now spied a sma bit lightie
Blinking through a distant wood :

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;
Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair ;
HOPE, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom o' dark despair !

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled ;
Deep she wade through bog and burn ;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple Nature,
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, wha's sylvan feature
Smil'd, out-owre the roaring flood :

Simmer here, in varied beauty
Late her flowery mantle spread,
Whar auld chesnut, ake, and yew-tree,
Mingling, lent their friendly shade :

Blasted now, wi' Winter's ravage ;
A' their gaudy livery cast ;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Sugh and howl to ilka blast !

Darkness stalk'd wi' *Fancy's* terror ;—
Mountains mov'd, and castle rock'd !
JEAN, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

“ Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping ?”
Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;—
‘ Help ! oh help !’ quo’ Jeanie, weeping,
‘ Help my infants, or they’re gane !

Nipt wi' cauld !—wi' hunger fainting !

Baith lie speechless on the lea !

Help !' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,

' Help my lammies ! or they'll die !'

" Wha this travels cauld and hungry,

Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en ?

Beggars !" cried the voice, mair angry,

" Beggars ! wi' their brats, I ween."

' Beggars *now*, alas ! wha lately

Helpt the beggar and the poor !'

" Fye ! gudeman !" cried ane discreetly,

" Taunt nae poortith at our door.

Sic a night, and tale thegither,

Plead for mair than anger's din :—

Rise, Jock !" cried the pitying mither,

" Rise ! and let the wretched in."

‘ Beggar *now*, alas ! wha lately
Helpt the beggar and the poor !’—
“ Enter ! ” quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,
While up flew the open door.

“ Beggar, or what else, sad mourner !
Enter without fear or dread ;
Here, thank God ! there’s aye a corner
To defend the houseless head !

For your bairnies, cease repining ;
If in life, ye’ll see them soon. ”—
Aff he flew ; and brightly shining
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we JEAN and weans a while ;
Tracing WILL in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's fostering isle !

Far frae scenes o' saftening pleasure,
*Luv*e's delights and *Beauty*'s charms !
Far frae *Friendship*'s social leisure,
Plung'd in murdering *WAR*'s alarms !

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,
Or Ambition's feverish brain,
That sae aft wi' melancholy
Turns, sweet *PEACE* ! thy joys to pain ?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,
 (Emblems o' thy spotless life)
And in War's grim look alarmin
 Arms thee wi' the Murd'rer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
 Hate, Revenge, and Rage uprears!
And for Hope and Joy—twin marrows,
 Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears!

WILLIE GAIRLACE, without siller,
 Credit, claise, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance loo'd JEANIE MILLER,
 And sweet bairns to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwellin,
 Shelter'd haughs, and birken braes;
Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealin,
 Ance his profit, pride and praise!

Deck't wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain ;
Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,
Wow! but Will was wond'rous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;
How cou'd *Thought* her station keep?
Drams and *drumming* (faes to thinking)
Doz'd Reflection fast asleep.

But whan shipt to toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed ;
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to *Battle's* blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan !
Will saw *GLORY's* boasted honours
End in Life's expiring groan !

Round VALENCIENNES' strong waa'd city,
Thick owre DUNKIRK's fatal plain,
Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
Britain's valiant sons lie slain !

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,
GALLIA strack Death's slaughtering knell ;
Frae the *Scheld* to *Rhine*'s deep river,
Britons fought—but Britons fell !

Fell unaided ! though cemented
By the faith o' Friendship's laws ;—
Fell unpity'd—unlamented !
Bluiding in a thankless cause ! *

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
Fighting foremost o' them a' ;
Swith ! FATE's winged ball cam fleeing,
And took Willie's leg in twa :

* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
Sigh'd—and sank 'mang heaps o' slain,—

Battle fast on battle raging,
Wed our stalwart youths awa';
Day by day, fresh faes engaging,
Forc'd the weary back to fa'!

Driven at last frae post to pillar,
Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;
Trick't by Knaves, wha *pouch'd our siller*, *
What could worn-out valour do?

Myriads, dark like gathering thunder,
Bursting, spread owre land and sea;
Left alane, alas! nae wonder
Britain's sons ware forc'd to flee!

* Prussian Fidelity.

Cross the WAAL and YSSEL frozen,
Deep thro' bogs and drifted snaw;
Wounded—weak—and spent! our chosen
Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
Without cover, bed or bedding,
Five lang nights WILL GAIRLACE lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
(Left behint wi' hundreds mair)
See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;—
Cur'd! alas!—but never! never!
Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning owre his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd!—
A' his dreams o' warlike fame!—
A' his glittering phantoms banish'd!
Will could think o' nought but—HAME!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labour! rural ploys!
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
WAR, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden

WILL's return'd, (exchang'd for faes),

Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,

Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang thro' county, brugh, and city,

Crippling on a wooden leg,

Gathering alms frae melting pity ;

See ! poor Gairlace forc'd to—beg !

Plac'd at length on CHELSEA's bounty,

Now to langer beg thinks shame,

Dreams ance mair o' smiling Plenty ;—

Dreams o' *former joys, and Hame !*

Hame ! and a' its fond attractions
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee ;
While the thoughts o' dear connections
Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“ Monster ! wha could leave neglected
Three sma' infants and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected !—
Them, too, dearer ance than life !

Villain ! wha wi' graceless folly
Ruin'd her he ought to save !—
Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
Beggary, and,—perhaps, a Grave !”

Starting !—wi' Remorse distracted,—
Crush'd wi' Grief's increasing load,
Up he bang'd ; and sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth ;
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling ay towards the NORTH.

Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft, the southlan breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sugh'd the green ake wood !
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strak the ear wi' thundering thud ;

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting ;
Linties sang on ilka tree ;
Frae the Wast, the sun, near setting,
Flam'd on ROSLIN's towers * sae hie !

* Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers ! and braes sae bonny !
 Craig and water ! woods and glen !
Roslin's banks ! unpeer'd by ony
 Save the Muse's, HAWTHORNDEN ! *

Ilka sound and charm delighting ;
 Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,
 List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
 On a fragrant straeberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
 Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

" Soldier, rise !—the dews o' e'ening
 Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith !—
Wounded soldier ! if complaining,
 Sleep nae here and catch your death.

* The ancient seat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

Traveller, waken!—night advancing
Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill!—
Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
A' the woods are mute and still!"

' What hae I,' cried Willie, waking,
' What hae I frae *night* to dree'?—
Morn, through clouds in splendor breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steddin'!
WIFE nor BAIRNS hae I to see!
House, nor hame! nor bed, nor bedding—
What hae I frae *night* to dree'?'

" Sair, alas! and sad and many
Are the ills poor mortals share!—
Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,
Yield nae, soldier, to *Despair*!

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
If HOPE's bright'ning beams should fail!—
See!—tho' night comes dark and eerie,
Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

There, tho' Walth and Waste ne'er riot,
Humbler joys their comforts shed,
Labour—health—content and quiet!
Mourner! here ye'se get a bed.

WIFE! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
Here, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet here bairns, ilk care beguiling,
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

A' her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!
A' her warldly walth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

Cheer ! then, soldier ! 'midst affliction
Bright'ning joys will aften shine ;
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
Trust to PROVIDENCE divine ! ”

PART IV.

SWEET as *ROSEBANK*'s * woods and river,
Cool whan Simmer's sunbeams dart,
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever
That lang brunt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow !
Listening to his guide before,
Owre green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

* The author's place of nativity.

Laigh it was ; yet sweet, tho' humble !

Deck't wi' hinnysuckle round ;

Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,

Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

MELVILLE's towers *, sae white and stately,

Dim by gloamin glint to view ;

Through LASSWADE's dark woods keek sweetly

Skies sae red ! and lift sae blue !

Entering now, in transport mingle

Mither fond, and happy wean,

Smiling round a canty ingle,

Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

" Soldier, welcome !—come !—be cheery—

Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—

Faint,—waes me ! ye seem, and weary,

Pale's your cheek, sae lately red ! "

* Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable HENRY DUNDAS.

' Chang'd I am,' sigh'd Willie till her ;
 ' Chang'd, nae doubt, as chang'd can be !
Yet, alas ! does JEANIE MILLER
 Nought o' WILLIE GAIRLACE see !'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', whan without warning
 Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray ?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
 Drap, whan pierc'd by Death mair fleet ?
Then, see Jean, wi' colour dieing
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet !

After three lang years affliction
 (A' their waes now hush'd to rest),
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
 Clasps her *Willie* to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings !

How she wander'd, starving poor,
Gleaning Pity's scanty offerings

Wi' three bairns frae door to door !

How she *serv'd*—and toil'd—and fever'd,

Lost her health, and syne her bread ;
How that grief, whan scarce recover'd,
Took her brain, and turn'd her head !

How she wander'd round the county

Mony a live-lang night her lane !
Till at last an angel's bounty
Brought her senses back again :

Gae her meat,—and claise,—and siller ;

Gae her bairnies wark and lear ;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
Wi' *Four Sterling Pounds a-year* !

Willie, harkening, wip'd his ein aye;

“ Oh ! what sins hae I to rue !

But say, wha's this *angel*, Jeanie ? ”

‘ Wha,’ quo’ Jeanie, ‘ but—BUCCLEUGH * !

Here, supported, cheer'd and cherish'd,

Nine blest months ! I've liv'd, and mair ;

Seen these infants clad, and nourish'd ;

Dried my tears ; and tint Despair ;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,

Light the lanesome hours gae round ;

Lightly, too, ilk *quarter* rinning

Brings yon angel's helping POUND ! ’

“ *Eight pounds* mair, ” cried Willie, kindly,

“ Eight pounds mair will do nae harm !

And, O Jean ! gin some ware friendly,

Eight pounds soon might *stock a farm*.

* THE DUTCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

There, ance mair, to thrive by PLEWIN,
Freed frae a' that *Peace* destroys,
Idle Waste and *druken Ruin* !
WAR and a' its murdering joys !”

Thrice he kiss'd his lang lost treasure !
Thrice ilk bairn ; but cou'dna speak :
Tears o' LUVE, and HOPE, and PLEASURE
Stream'd in silence down his cheek !

THE END.

